



# HISPANIOLA



*O hidden caverns of the Ocean deep,  
 Ye shall give up the death-doom'd host,  
 That, bound on HART'S blood stained coast,  
 Sank whelm'd by thousands down the watery steep.*



HISPANIOLA,

A Poem;

WITH APPROPRIATE NOTES.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

*LINES ON THE CRUCIFIXION;*

AND

OTHER POETICAL PIECES.



BY

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## HISPANIOLA.

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### SYNOPSIS.

MAGNIFICENCE of the sun's appearance at Hispaniola—Sea-breeze—The moon's refulgence—Brilliancy of the stars; particularly of the planet Venus; and peculiarities of an evening within the tropics—First appearance of the Spaniards—Character of Columbus—Supposed consequences of the failure of his enterprize—Horrible cruelties of the Spanish invaders—Superstition personified—Hospitality of the natives—Murder of Anacoana—Allusions to the former happiness of the islanders—Their music, and dances—Tamarind tree—Birds with beautiful plumage—Mock bird—Ancient Forests—Cedar trees—Palmeto-royal, or mountain cabbage-tree—Ceiba, or wild cotton-tree—Fire-flies—Apostrophe to history—Review of the barbarities and ravages of the invaders—Hayti, original name of the island, re-adopted by the negroes.—Vision and prophecy of Anacoana—The degradation of Spain—Slave-trade; and successful revolt of the negroes foretold—Coyaba, or elysium of the Indians—

Invocations to the Deity from the souls of the murdered—  
 Ghost of Toussaint Louverture invoked—The catastrophe of  
 his death alluded to—His solemn address to Bonaparte—  
 War of vengeance in the occidental India—Allusions to  
 Bonaparte's exploits in Egypt, Invasion of Syria, and defeat  
 at Acre—Recent cruelties of the French at Hispaniola—  
 Day of resurrection, and final retribution—Crimes previ-  
 ously punished by justice—Reflections on the negro charac-  
 ter—Decisive battle of the negroes—Dreadful carnage—  
 Total defeat, and final overthrow of the French armies at  
 St. Domingo—The muse of prophecy invoked, and allusions  
 to happier times, and the universal reign of peace.





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## HISPANIOLA.

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QUEEN of delightful summer isles!  
For thee luxuriant nature smiles;  
For thee the sun pours floods of living light,  
His proud magnificence displays,  
And daily shoots his fiery rays;  
While the cool sea-breeze fans thy shores at  
night. (1)

Marching along thy cloudless sky  
The moon looks down with placid eye,  
And soft refulgence all around thee throws;  
Saluted by her shining beams  
Thy fountains run in brighter streams,  
And every wave her beauteous image shows. (2)

Brilliant in thy grand hemisphere  
 The marshalled host of Heaven appear,  
 Whence evening's star, unclouded and serene,  
 Emits afar her sparkling rays  
 Where e'er the nightly traveller strays,  
 And on his pathway sheds her silvery sheen.

Though silent when all creatures shun  
 The fierce blaze of the mid-day sun,  
 Myriads of insects walk abroad at night;  
 And when cool dews from Heaven descend,  
 The air with gladsome voices rend,      [(3)  
 And hail the star-bright beams of milder light.

O happy isle! ere bigot Spain (4)  
 Pushed venturous o'er the western main,  
 And scared thy nations with the voice of war;  
 Ere from Savanna's ever green,  
 Or from thy sun-gilt hills was seen  
 The rash invader rising from afar:

Or ere his swelling sails all white  
 Crowded upon the astonished sight,  
 With rampant banners on the trade-wind  
 Or ere the foe with thundering guns [borne;  
 Destroyed thine inoffensive sons,  
 Or thou hadst wept—a childless queen forlorn!

Or ere was seen the stranger band  
 Marshalled upon thy burning strand,  
 With Romish priests in saint-like cowl and  
 The holy crucifix they bore, [vest;  
 But falshood's painted vizor wore,  
 And scandalized the doctrines they profess'd.(5)

O justly praised by all mankind!  
 Gifted with comprehensive mind,  
 Who ventured first by ardent zeal inspir'd,  
 O'er unplough'd seas his course to bend  
 To watch the car of day descend,  
 Or hail new worlds by vertic sun-beams fir'd!

Long ere they blessed the hero's eyes  
 His fancy painted brighter skies,  
 And pictured realms beyond the western star  
 O'er beds of gold where rivers glide,  
 And gem-decked shrines in splendid pride  
 Reflect the solar blaze, and shine afar. (6)

He wanted not, humane as brave,  
 One child of nature to enslave,  
 For deed so base he never sail unfurl'd;  
 Though bound for gold to unknown lands,  
 He fondly hoped with pious hands  
 To plant the cross, and bless a heathen world.

Intrepid veteran! though his name  
 Live, blazoned by immortal fame,  
 Whose pendant first o'er western billows flew;  
 Had he, green island, ne'er descried  
 Thy landscapes o'er th' encircling tide  
 Rise in majestic grandeur to his view:



If whelmed in perilous distress;  
 Outcast on ocean's wilderness;  
 Had all his hopes of enterprize been cross'd;  
 Or when by love of home inspir'd,  
 'Gainst him his rebel crew conspir'd, [(7)  
 Had he been friendless to the wild waves toss'd;

Then had no foreign barbarous pow'r,  
 In bold discovery's fatal hour,  
 Delightful island! desolated thee:  
 Where pined the sickly slave enchain'd,  
 Where proud Iberia's viceroys reign'd,  
 Unmurdered millions had been blessed and free.

In nature's peerless charms array'd,  
 Of no rude ravisher afraid  
 Then lovely innocents had dwelt secure;  
 Then still unstained by Indian blood  
 Thy fountains to the sea's deep flood [pure.  
 Their constant streams had poured for ever

Still might the lover fearless rove  
 Where to the high-arched shady grove  
 Beauty retired unconscious of a crime;  
 Where fragrant flowers and fruits grew wild,  
 And where simplicity's meek child [time.  
 Plucked new-born pleasures from the wing of

Too soon the cruel spoiler came,  
 And kindled war's destructive flame,  
 And ruin spread and devastation wide;  
 On thee he rush'd—his heart of stone  
 Felt not when sorrow made its moan,  
 Thy soil he deluged with life's crimson tide! (8)

He doomed thy children to explore  
 The caverned earth for golden ore,  
 He wrung their limbs with slavery's galling  
 Unheeded then the prisoner's cry [chain;  
 For pity passed a stranger by,  
 And misery poured the silent tear in vain!

As wave by wave incessant pressed  
 On ocean's ever-heaving breast  
 Successive beats against the naked strand,  
 Thus woe, wronged isle, succeeded woe,  
 Thus on thee fell each deathful blow,  
 Remorseless dealt by thy destroyer's hand. (9)

Then blessed with mercy's smile no more  
 Injustice triumphed on thy shore,  
 And thou wert crushed beneath his iron sway;  
 Thy grief-fed eye beheld stern pow'r  
 The harmless sons of peace devour,  
 And sweep the remnant of the meek away! (10)

Then, queen of isles! dismayed, forlorn,  
 Thy plaints were on the whirlwind borne,  
 Sunk in the distant surge, or lost in air;  
 Death hailed thee in the blood-hounds yell,  
 Tornadoes rang thy funeral knell, [(11)  
 And terror haunted thee, and wild despair! (11)

Against thee, leagued with other foes,  
 The giant superstition rose; (12) [brow  
 Saint though he seemed, beneath his lowering  
 The ruffian lurked—his crafty eye  
 Shot lewdness, and fierce cruelty,  
 And foul misdeeds belied his holy vow.

He much delighted was to dwell  
 On dreadful punishments in hell  
 Prepared for heretics of every name;  
 And though he praised the gospel's lore,  
 A sword all stained with blood he wore,  
 And flung around mad persecution's flame.

He mounted fury's blood-stained car,  
 And poured on thee his thickest war,  
 He smote thy bare head with his tempest blast;  
 O'erwhelmed in sorrow's deepest flood,  
 Then thou didst weep big tears of blood—  
 Destruction's ploughshare o'er thy bosom pass'd!



Was it for this thy friendly hand  
 Saved the invader on the strand [shore?  
 When ocean dashed him shipwrecked on thy  
 Was it for this with grief sincere  
 Thine eye ran o'er with pity's tear [(13)  
 When his heart failed to hear the tempest roar?

Was it for this thy virgin train  
 Welcomed in friendship's artless strain  
 The stern oppressor, and the foe ador'd?  
 Was it for this thy matrons bore  
 The green palm-branch that waved before,  
 And proffered homage to a foreign lord? (14)

And was for this the feast prepar'd  
 At which th' ungrateful stranger shar'd  
 Each rare production of thy summer clime?  
 Most foul return—his honor sold,  
 He sacrificed alone to gold, [crime.  
 And mildewed fame's proud meed with every

Alas! the Spaniard's hateful rage  
 Nor cries nor tears could aught assuage;  
 Nor beauty's charms, nor misery's plaints in-  
 With pity's zeal one sordid breast [spire  
 To feel for innocence oppress'd,  
 Or check the fury of inhuman ire.

Even *Anacoana* charm'd in vain,  
 She saw her friends around her slain;  
 Whilst ignominious bound, and doomed to die,  
 Herself, unpitied and forlorn,  
 The mark of base *Ovando's* scorn,  
 A martyr fell to hospitality! (15)

Then, queen of isles! no more for thee  
 Flew the wild notes of minstrelsy  
 From instruments by untaught artists made,  
 When danced the sportive youthful throng,  
 And sung love's soft enchanting song [(16)  
 In the cool freshness of the tamarind's shade.

Their race extinct—'twas then in vain  
 That flowers of every verdant plain [breeze ;  
 Mingled sweet fragrance with the mountain's  
 Or that the cocoa nut should swell  
 With food nutritious in its shell,  
 Or that perpetual verdure decked thy trees.

Or that gay birds with beauteous plumes  
 Walked in thy gardens of perfumes,  
 Or to thy bowers of love delighted flew;  
 Or that his voice of mimic song (17)  
 Bade travellers oft their stay prolong [(18)  
 Where orchards lovelier than Hesperia's grew.

Never shall harmless Indian more  
 Thy boundless forest wilds explore;  
 Or thro' umbrageous arbors fearless stray, (18)  
 Where *cedars* (19) and *palmetos* (20) rise  
 Spread their green honors in the skies,  
 And yield cool refuge from the burning day.

Or where the mightier *ceiba* grows, (21)  
 And wide his friendly shadow throws,  
 No more shall nature's children peaceful rove;  
 Where mountain torrents pour their streams  
 Screened from the sun's all-powerful beams  
 Beneath the ancient giants of the grove.

Thy *fire-fly* wonders of the night (22)  
 Then winged unseen their silent flight,  
 And vainly glowed, and living lustre shed;  
 O'er observation's curious eye  
 That watched the meteor beauties fly,  
 Cheerless oblivion's thickest veil was spread.

Then triumphed war's devouring brood  
 Within their own made solitude;  
 Destruction's mighty angel o'er thee past,  
 He poured from his fate-guided hand  
 Wrath's plague-full vials on thy land,  
 And loud he blew his trump's heart-chilling blast!



Impartial muse of history!  
 Thy records stained with blood I see;  
 For led by memory to thy foulest page,  
 I turn far back when giant crimes  
 Damned the proud victories of the times,  
 And blasted all the laurels of the age.

Wafted across the billowy flood  
 I hear vehement cries for blood, [(23)  
 And murder's voice on *Hayti's* ravaged coast  
 Outroar the torrent waves that sweep  
 Down the huge mountain's towering steep;  
 Whilst pass before me many an injured ghost!

The wing of fancy bears me nigh  
 Some world beneath a happier sky,  
 Whither the martyred of mankind have fled;  
 Where pleasure walks o'er verdant plains,  
 Where peace perpetual empress reigns,  
 And where reside the spirits of the dead.

Hark! melody's soft sounds I hear  
 Steal on my rapture-ravished ear;  
 Some matchless beauty beams upon my eye,  
 Than evening's lustrous star more bright,  
 Or the refulgent queen of night  
 When walking forth in cloudless majesty.

'Tis murdered *Anacoana's* voice,  
 She bids thee sun-bright isle rejoice,  
 She bids the spirits of the murdered rest:  
 Ocean's proud waves forget to roar,  
 And silent break upon thy shore, [breast.  
 While her kind accents soothe the listener's

Behold her angel-spirit rise—  
 Mark her bright mercy-beaming eyes  
 Weep o'er Xaragua's solitary fate;  
 Though thus she mourns forsaken vales  
 That echoed murder's dreadful tales,  
 She sees far off, and hails thy happier state.

" Alas! what hearts by hardships broke,  
 " Who bowed, who died beneath the yoke,  
 " None of my faithful friends survive to tell;  
 " Them bondage held 'till life's last breath,  
 " Their toils ne'er ceased 'till sunk in death,  
 " Their wounded spirits bade the world farewell.

" But famine smote the blood-hound crew,  
 " That from their bleeding vitals drew  
 " The carnage banquet, and the feast of blood;  
 " They rolled their eager eyes in vain  
 " Around each desolated plain [ple flood.  
 " Where murder prowled, and poured life's pur-

" And thou, stern foe! more base than brave,  
 " Bold traveller o'er yon wide sea wave,  
 " Though thou hast conquered, and thy mil-  
   lions slain,  
 " Though Mexico's rich spoils be thine,  
 " And Peru's far-famed golden mine, [(24)  
 " Thou shalt be cursed with thy unrighteous gain.

"Anon some rival will arise,  
 "And share with thee this paradise—(25)  
 "When shineth here the star of liberty  
 "Thou shalt in darkness still remain,  
 "And hug thy own proud tyrant's chain;  
 "Blind foe to truth, and slave of bigotry! (26)

"Then mourn not much-loved summer isle,  
 "Again on thee shall freedom smile,  
 "Though on thee prey the vultures of the  
 "Brave sable nations shall arise, [north:  
 "And rout thy future enemies,  
 "Though Europe send her hostile legions forth.

"Yet ere the victor's flag be borne  
 "Millions will from their friends be torn,  
 "Kidnapped and bound on Afric's distant shore;  
 "From the green banks that Niger laves,  
 "Or realms o'erlooking ocean's caves,  
 "Dragged forth to bondage—to return no  
 more! (27)



" But they shall rise! the hour will come  
 " Big with the proud oppressor's doom;  
 " Though times and seasons slowly pass away,  
 " That sun which saw his ruffian hand  
 " Spread desolation o'er the land,  
 " Will smile on retribution's holy day!"

Thus said—the star-bright beauty flies  
 To *Coyaba's* green paradise, (28)  
 Where kindred souls with kindred ardour burn,  
 And where from many an Eden grove  
 Thro' which departed spirits rove  
 Ten thousand thousand hail her glad return.

From shades where murdered myriads lie  
 Impatient souls for vengeance cry—  
 " How long, how long, great God of Holiness,  
 " With slave-ship fleets shall men of blood  
 " Ride every navigable flood  
 " Thine unprotected children to oppress?"

Rise, mighty shade of *Toussaint*—rise!  
 Though thou by freedom's enemies  
 Wert doomed in hopeless solitude to death;  
 O rise, and haunt thy murderer's bed,  
 And thus assail in accents dread [breath:  
 His ears oft soothed by flattery's poisoned

“Though nerveless now I lift in vain  
 “This arm that many a Gaul hath slain,  
 “Yet tyrant list! my brethren shall be free,  
 “For though thou send forth host on host,  
 “Vanquished on *Hayti's* sea-girt coast,  
 “They shall not strike the flag of liberty.

“Though by their faithless chief's command  
 “Thine armed brigands(29) with ruthless hand  
 “Spurning man's rights and honor's sacred ties,  
 “Me seized at midnight, and in chains (30)  
 “Dragged from war-wasted distant plains  
 “To where pale tyrants frown, and wintry skies.

" Bold trampler on all human laws!  
 " Heaven will avenge my righteous cause;  
 " Thou hast not sacrificed my life in vain;  
 " E'en now the sable heroes rise;  
 " Revenge! revenge! each warrior cries—  
 " They charge thy hosts, and strew their route  
 [with slain!

" Rivers of blood now run around  
 " Drenching the burnt up thirsty ground;  
 " But thou art chief in perfidy and guilt;  
 " The outraged children of the sun  
 " But mimic what thy Gauls have done—  
 " Thou must account for all the blood that's spilt!

" What though imperial robes await  
 " To deck thy limbs in regal state;  
 " Though servile artists carve thy kingly bust;  
 " Thou shalt not long usurp the throne  
 " Of princely grandeur not thine own—  
 " Time may soon tread thy honors in the dust!

"Death's shadow pointeth to the hour,  
 "The last of all thy pomp and power—  
 "See! that hand-writing on thy palace wall!  
 "Its blood-red characters portray  
 "Fortune's changed scenes, and tell the day—  
 "When Afric's sons will triumph at thy fall!

"Vexed spirits, residents of hell—  
 "Fallen tyrants who in darkness dwell,  
 "Hail thy approach from thrones of misery: (31)  
 "Great conqueror art thou humbled thus?  
 "Art thou become like unto us? (32)  
 "Enslaver of the nations!—Is it thee?"

Insulted African, arise!  
 Just Heaven regards the captive's cries.  
 Lo! vengeance rideth on his swift-wheeled car;  
 Though orient India loud demand  
 Redress from his uplifted hand,  
 Westward he drives for thee victorious war.



Not HE, famed warrior! who of late  
 Weighed in his balance *Egypt's* fate,  
 And on his pale horse oft to victory rode; (33)  
 Who broke on *Nilus'* fertile banks  
 The warlike Mamaluke's stubborn ranks,  
 And o'er the haughty neck of Ismael strode.

Not HE, who burning deserts past,  
 Swept by the Simoom's sultry blast,  
 To plant his standard in the holy land;  
 Whom Zion's watchmen heard from far,  
 And feared him, mighty man of war!—  
 Soon backward driven by England's chosen  
 [band. (34)

Not HE, though millions own his sway,  
 And vassal crowds his nod obey; [sail  
 Though bannered squadrons from his ports may  
 To pour his fury on thy plains,  
 And rivet fast the captive's chains—  
 Not HE, pale tyrant! shall 'gainst thee prevail.

But O to hear the story told [cold;  
 'Twould make the warm heart's blood run  
 The crimes revealed by truth's impartial tale(35)  
 Might from the unfeeling stoic's eye  
 Force the strange tear of sympathy,  
 And make the ruddiest cheek of man turn pale.

O grave upon the lone sea shore,  
 Thou shalt thy tenant crowds restore:  
 O hidden caverns of the ocean deep,  
 Ye shall give up the death-doomed host  
 That, bound on *Hayti's* blood-stained coast,  
 Sank whelmed by thousands down the watery  
 [steep. (36)

Then martyred multitudes will rise,  
 And shame their fear-struck enemies:  
 Yet ere the hour of final reckoning come  
 Stern justice will the crimes pursue  
 Of murder's unrelenting crew,  
 And them to death or lingering suffering doom.

Brought forth on slavery's iron bed,  
 'Midst savage wilds of ignorance bred,  
 Where mercy's smiling angel seldom came;  
 Spurned—outcast of the human race—  
 Of untaught mind—in manners base—  
 The negro panteth not for virtuous fame.

Unmoved he hears the sufferer's moan;  
 Untouched by sorrow's mournful groan,  
 His callous heart no soft compunction knows;  
 But burning with revengeful rage,  
 He spareth not or sex or age;  
 The white skin only designates his foes. (37)

Proud European, blame him not—  
 Would'st thou act better, if, hard lot!  
 Thou like the African wert bought and sold?  
 If unprotected by the laws  
 'Twere vain to plead thy desperate cause  
 Where justice asks but for the murderer's gold?

If thou wert thus to misery born,  
 Treated with insolence and scorn;  
 The book of knowledge never ope'd to thee;  
 When by the voice of freedom hail'd,  
 If by the tyrant's sword assail'd,  
 Would'st thou not march thro' blood to liberty?

Hark! the loud trumpet's hostile breath  
 Proclaims or liberty or death; [the van;  
 March the black squadrons, vengeance leads  
 Oppression's cheerless day is past,  
 Th' insulted slave hath risen at last,  
 And claimed the rights and dignity of man.

Fierce burns the fire of martial strife,  
 Fast flow the crimson streams of life;  
 Grim horror strides across th' ensanguined plain;  
 Lift, son of Ham, (38) thy wrath-red eye,  
 Behold thy prostrate enemy [slain!  
 Where victory stalks o'er mountain heaps of



Gaul's vanquished myrmidons have felt  
 The dreadful blow by justice dealt—  
 Heart-smote by sickness, or by famine driven;  
 Some few escaped the warriors' hands;  
 Some prisoners, bound to distant lands, [(39)  
 Routed like chaff before the winds of heaven.

Prophetic muse, whose eagle eye  
 Can penetrate futurity,  
 O bear me on thy wing sublime afar  
 O'er the wide stage of mortal strife,  
 From all the tragedies of life,  
 Beyond the rage and miseries of war.

Suns ne'er to set resplendant rise;  
 O smile on earth ye cloudless skies;  
 Come promised day of happiness supreme,  
 When mortal minstrelsy shall raise  
 To heaven the perfect song of praise,  
 And sovereign goodness be the holy theme.

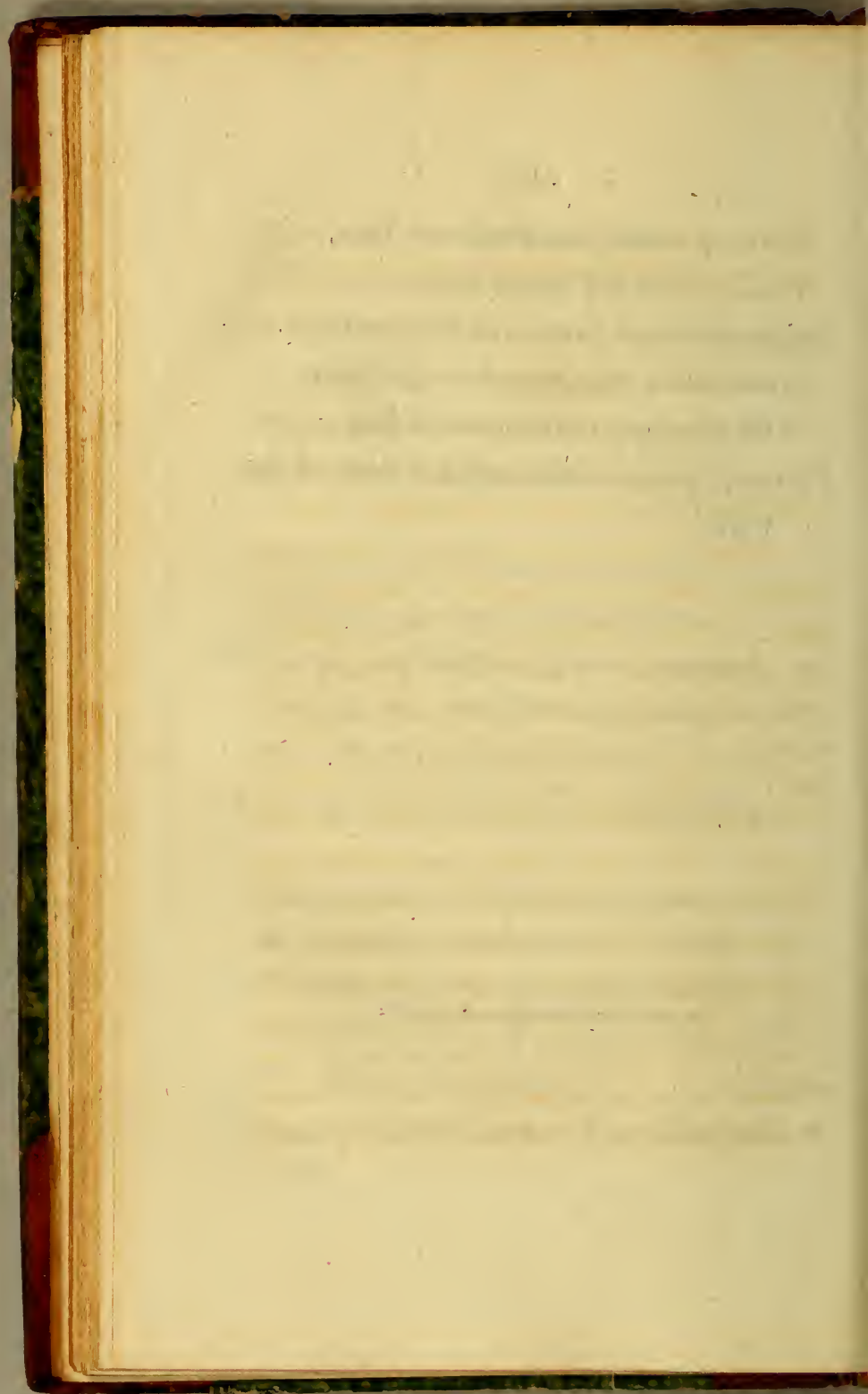
Angel of Peace repose on earth,  
 And give eternal friendship birth;  
 Time speed thy flight—come long expected age  
 In which upon the lamb's soft breast  
 The tame-grown wolf shall fondly rest,  
 And all tumultuous passions cease to rage.

Delightful period! when the mind  
 Shall bear good will to all mankind;  
 When the vile trafficker in men no more  
 Shall plough far off the ocean wave  
 His sable brethren to enslave,  
 And drag them trembling to a distant shore.

O best of boons! be thou too given,  
 Kind Charity, loved guest of heaven,  
 With milk of holy kindness feed the soul.  
 Great PRINCE OF PEACE! commence thy  
 Thy universal sway maintain [reign,  
 Through each wide hemisphere—from pole to  
 pole.

SAVIOUR return, and dwell with men,  
Then paradise will bloom again,  
And death's black banners be for ever furl'd.  
O send meek Mercy's soft-winged dove  
With thy green olive-branch of love  
To every peopled isle, and kingdom of the  
world!

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## NOTES.

(1) While the cool sea-breeze fans thy shores at night.

ALTHOUGH such dreary scenes as our winters exhibit are altogether unknown in the delightful climate of the West Indies, yet changes and variations of weather are frequently experienced. Of the tropical summer a very intelligent author thus remarks—"Not a cloud is to be perceived; " and the sky blazes with irresistible fierce-  
"ness. For some hours, commonly be-  
"tween seven and ten in the morning, be-  
"fore the setting in of the sea-breeze, or  
"trade-wind, which at this season blows  
"from the south-east with great force and  
"regularity until late in the evening, the  
"heat is scarcely supportable; but no sooner  
"is the influence felt of this refreshing wind,

“than all nature revives; and the climate  
 “in the shade becomes not only very tolerable but pleasant.”

*Bryan Edwards's Hist. W. Indies.*

(2) And every wave her beauteous image shows.

The moon in these climates displays far greater radiance than in Europe. The smallest print is legible by her light; and when absent, her function is not ill supplied by the brightness of the milky way, and by that glorious planet Venus, which appears here like a little moon, and glitters with so refugent a beam as to cast a shade from trees, buildings, and other objects, making full amends for the short stay and abrupt departure of the crepusculum or twilight. *Ibid.*

(3) And hail the star-bright beams of milder light.

That charming and much celebrated Night-piece of Dr. Young's, with all its brilliancy of conception, its happiness of imagery, and all its sublime and beautiful epithets of *sable goddess, ebony throne, rayless*

*majesty, slumbering world, &c. &c.* however descriptive of the darkness and dulness of a northern night, is by no means calculated to convey an idea of an evening scene within the tropics, where the eye of the traveller is delighted by the clear shining of the heavenly luminaries; and his ears are saluted by the voices of thousands and tens of thousands of created beings, who enjoying the moisture and refreshing coolness of the evening, vociferate their gladness all around him.

(4) O happy isle! ere bigot Spain.

Hispaniola was discovered by Columbus in the year 1492, and is famous for being the earliest settlement of the Spaniards in the New World.—It was at first held in high estimation for the quantity of gold it supplied; this wealth diminished with the inoffensive and grievously oppressed natives, whom they obliged to dig it out of the bowels of the earth; and the source of it was entirely dried up when they were extermi-



nated, which was soon done by a series of the most shocking barbarities that ever disgraced the history of any nation. Benzoni relates, that of two millions of inhabitants contained in the island when discovered by Columbus in 1492, scarce one hundred and fifty-three were alive in 1545!

*Winterbottom's Hist. of America.*

(5) And scandalized the doctrines they professed.

This reflection it is to be feared is not more severe than just with respect to many of the Spanish priests who visited Hispaniola, although some of them might claim honorable exemption, particularly the humane Dominicans, who repeatedly and vehemently inveighed against the horrible cruelties which their brutal countrymen inflicted on the friendly and innocent Indians, whom they so soon ground to death by hard labour, and otherwise most inhumanly destroyed; but alas! all the generous and benevolent exertions of these worthy ministers of mercy in behalf of the oppressed were in vain:



even their boldest advocate Bartholomew de las Casas, pleaded their cause in both Old and New Worlds to little effect.

(6) Reflect the solar blaze and shine afar.

We learn from undoubted authority that Columbus's most grand and favorite project was to find a passage to the East Indies by a western route; an idea which he fondly cherished, and which he never abandoned but with life itself; for it is asserted that on his fourth and last voyage, in 1502, he promised the King of Spain to find India by a western passage; and we are informed by his countryman Antonia Gallo, who was secretary to the magistracy of Genoa towards the close of the fifteenth century, that it was the opinion of Columbus, founded upon nautical observations, that one of the islands he had discovered was distant only two hours or thirty degrees from Cattigara, which, in the charts of the geographers of that age, was laid down, upon the authority of Ptolemy, as the most easterly place in

Asia; from which he concluded, that if some unknown continent did not obstruct the navigation, there must be a short and easy access, by holding a westerly course, to this extreme region of the east. Great undoubtedly were the discoveries of Columbus, but it was reserved for the unfortunate Magalhães to discover the westward route to the Eastern World.

(7) Had he been friendless to the wild waves tossed.

Although none of those hellish cruelties which entailed eternal disgrace on the Spaniards who profited by his adventures be allowed to tarnish the fair fame of Columbus, who always treated the inhabitants of the countries he discovered with kindness and humanity, and who was himself much persecuted for attempting to check the savage brutality of some of the early Spanish plunderers; yet when we take into the account the millions who were butchered in consequence of his discoveries, and the barbarities perpetrated in the New World by succeeding

adventurers—when we read of the unexampled crimes committed by merciless Europeans, and of the spoliations and wide-spread miseries sustained by the unhappy Americans—and when it is recollected that these much celebrated discoveries gave rise and encouragement to the inhuman and accursed slave-trade, with all its long train of horrible and consequent atrocities—after due reflection, and consideration of these calamitous circumstances—Who that possesses a feeling heart can avoid lamenting, for the sake of outraged humanity, that the discontented sailors who mutinied against Columbus had not succeeded in their nefarious design of throwing him overboard, thereby to have put an end to all his projects, and for a time, to the discovery of those unknown countries he was then in search of?

(8) Thy soil he deluged with life's crimson tide !

Las Casas relates the following instance of the unexampled cruelty and ferocity of his inhuman countrymen towards the harmless

and unoffending Indians, of which he was an eye witness—"I once beheld," says he, "four or five principal Indians roasted alive at a slow fire; and as the miserable victims poured forth dreadful screams, which disturbed the commanding officer in his afternoon slumbers, he sent word that they should be strangled; but the officer on guard (I KNOW HIS NAME, AND I KNOW HIS RELATIONS IN SEVILLE) would not suffer it; but causing their mouths to be gagged, that their cries might not be heard, he stirred up the fire with his own hands, and roasted them deliberately till they all expired—I SAW IT MYSELF!!!"

*Bryan Edwards's Hist. W. Indies.*

(9) Remorseless dealt by thy destroyer's hand.

Mr. Bryan Edwards also very feelingly and most justly remarks—"It may, I think, be safely affirmed, that the whole story of mankind affords no scene of barbarity equal to that of the cruelties exercised on



“ these innocent and inoffensive people. All  
 “ the murders and desolations of the most  
 “ pitiless tyrants that ever diverted them-  
 “ selves with the pangs and convulsions of  
 “ their fellow creatures, fall infinitely short  
 “ of the bloody enormities committed by the  
 “ Spanish nation in the conquest of the New  
 “ world;—a conquest on a low estimate,  
 “ effected by the murder of ten millions of  
 “ the human species!!!”

(10) And sweep the remnant of the meek away.

With respect to the character of these harmless islanders—“ All writers,” says Mr. Edwards, “ who have treated of it, agree  
 “ that they were unquestionably the most  
 “ gentle and benevolent of the human race.  
 “ Though not blessed with the light of revelation, they practised one of the noblest  
 “ precepts of Christianity—forgiveness of  
 “ their enemies; laying all that they possessed at the feet of their oppressors, courting  
 “ their notice, and preventing their wishes,  
 “ with such fondness and assiduity, as one

“ would have thought might have disarmed  
 “ habitual cruelty, and melted bigotry into  
 “ tenderness.”

(11) Death hailed thee in the bloodhound's yell.

(11) And terror haunted thee and wild despair.

By the law of the *repartimientos*, or *distributions*, the natives of Hispaniola were given up as slaves to their conquerors; and Mr. Edwards says, that “ the Spaniards distributed them into lots, and compelled them to dig in the mines, without rest or intermission, until death their only refuge put a period to their sufferings: such as attempted resistance or escape, their merciless tyrants *hunted down with dogs which were fed on their flesh!!!*”

(12) The giant superstition rose

They (the Spaniards) disregarded sex and age; and with impious and frantic bigotry even called in religion to sanctify their cruelties! Some more zealous than the rest, forced their miserable captives into the

water, and after administering to them the right of baptism, cut their throats the next moment, to prevent their apostacy! Others made a vow to hang or burn thirteen every morning in honor of our Saviour and the twelve Apostles! Nor were these the excesses only of a blind and remorseless fanaticism, which exciting our abhorrence, excites also our pity: the Spaniards were actuated in many instances by such wantonness of malice as is wholly unexampled in the wide history of human depravity.—Martyr relates that it was a frequent practice among them to murder the Indians of Hispaniola in sport, or merely he observes, *to keep their hands in use.* They had an emulation which of them could most dexterously strike off the head of a man at a blow, and wagers frequently depended on this hellish exercise.

*Bryan Edwards's Hist. W. Indies.*

(13) When his heart failed to hear the tempest roar.

Soon after Columbus's first arrival at Hispaniola, the ship which he was on board of

was wrecked on the coast, and in a letter which he wrote to Ferdinand and Isabella on that occasion, he gives the following striking account of the orderly behaviour and humanity of the natives—

“The king (Guacanahari) having been informed of our misfortune, expressed great grief for our loss, and immediately sent aboard all the people in the place in many large canoes; we soon unloaded the ship of every thing that was upon deck, as the king gave us great assistance: he himself, with his brothers and relations, took all possible care that every thing should be properly done both aboard and ashore. And, from time to time, he sent some of his relations weeping, to beg of me not to be dejected, for he would give me all that he had. I can assure your highnesses, that so much care would not have been taken in securing our effects in any part of Spain, as all our property was put together in one place near his palace, until the houses which he wanted to prepare for the cus-



“ tody of it were emptied. He immediately  
 “ placed a guard of armed men, who watch-  
 “ ed during the whole night, and those on  
 “ shore lamented as if they had been much  
 “ interested in our loss. The people are so  
 “ affectionate, so tractable, that I swear to  
 “ your highnesses that there is not a better  
 “ race of men, nor a better country in the  
 “ world. They love their neighbour as them-  
 “ selves; their conversation is the sweetest  
 “ and mildest in the world, cheerful and al-  
 “ ways accompanied with a smile. And al-  
 “ though it is true that they go naked, yet  
 “ your highnesses may be assured that they  
 “ have many very commendable customs;  
 “ the king is served with great state, and his  
 “ behaviour is so decent that it is pleasant  
 “ to see him, as it is likewise to observe the  
 “ wonderful memory which those people  
 “ have, and their desire of knowing every  
 “ thing, which leads them to inquire into its  
 “ causes and effects.”

*Life of Columbus, c. 32.*

(14) And proffered homage to a foreign lord?

Mr. Bryan Edwards, on the authority of Martyr, gives a pleasing account of the friendly disposition of the ancient inhabitants of Hispaniola, and of the beauty of their females.—As Bartholomew Columbus and his followers approached the dwelling of Behechio, a powerful cacique—"they were met," says the historian, "by his wives to the number of thirty, carrying branches of the palm tree in their hands; who first saluted the Spaniards with a solemn dance, accompanied with a general song. These matrons were succeeded by a train of virgins, distinguished as such by their appearance; the former wearing aprons of cotton cloth, while the latter were arrayed only in the innocence of pure nature. Their hair was tied simply with a fillet over their foreheads, or suffered to flow gracefully on their shoulders and bosoms. Their limbs were finely proportioned, and their complexions, though brown, were smooth, shining, and lovely.

“ The Spaniards were struck with admiration, believing that they beheld the dryads of the woods, and the nymphs of the fountains, realizing ancient fables.”

(15) A martyr fell to hospitality.

Although I am unfriendly to such long notes and quotations, yet the unexampled barbarity and treachery which the merciless *Ovando* exercised towards the kind-hearted and inoffensive *Anacoana*, and her faithful and unsuspecting adherents, induce me to transcribe the following particular account of it.—

“ The province anciently named Xaragua, which extends from the fertile plain where Leogane is now situated, to the western extremity of the island, was subject to a female cacique, named Anacoana, highly respected by the natives. She had always courted the friendship of the Spaniards, and loaded them with benefits; but some of the adherents of Roldan having settled in her country, were so much

“exasperated at her endeavouring to restrain  
“their excesses, that they accused her of  
“having formed a plan to throw off the  
“yoke, and to exterminate the Spaniards.  
“Ovando, though he knew well what little  
“credit was due to such profligate men,  
“marched, without further inquiry, towards  
“Xaragua, with three hundred foot and se-  
“venty horsemen. To prevent the Indians  
“from taking alarm at this hostile appear-  
“ance, he gave out that his sole intention  
“was to visit Anacoana, to whom his coun-  
“trymen had been so much indebted, in the  
“most respectful manner, and to regulate  
“with her the mode of levying the tribute  
“payable to the King of Spain. Anacoana,  
“in order to receive this illustrious guest  
“with due honor, assembled the principal  
“men in her dominions, to the number of  
“three hundred; and advancing at the head  
“of these, accompanied by a great crowd of  
“persons of inferior rank, she welcomed  
“Ovando with songs and dances, according  
“to the mode of the country, and conducted



“ him to the place of her residence. There  
“ he was feasted for some days, with all the  
“ kindness of simple hospitality, and amused  
“ with the games and spectacles usual among  
“ the Americans upon such occasions of  
“ mirth and festivity. But amidst the secu-  
“ rity which this inspired, Ovando was me-  
“ ditating the destruction of his unsuspecting  
“ entertainer and her subjects; and the mean  
“ perfidy with which he executed his scheme  
“ equalled his barbarity in forming it. Un-  
“ der colour of exhibiting to the Indians the  
“ parade of an European tournament, he ad-  
“ vanced with his troops, in battle array,  
“ towards the house in which Anacoana and  
“ the chiefs who attended her were assem-  
“ bled. The infantry took possession of all  
“ the avenues which led to the village. The  
“ horsemen encompassed the house. The  
“ movements were the object of admiration  
“ without any mixture of fear, until, upon a  
“ signal which had been concerted, the Spa-  
“ niards suddenly drew their swords and  
“ rushed upon the Indians, defenceless and

“astonished at an act of treachery which  
 “exceeded the conception of undesigning  
 “men. In a moment Anacoana was secured.  
 “All her attendants were seized and bound.  
 “Fire was set to the house; and without ex-  
 “amination or conviction, all these unhappy  
 “persons, the most illustrious in their own  
 “country, were consumed in the flames.  
 “Anacoana was reserved for a more igno-  
 “minious fate. She was carried in chains  
 “to St. Domingo (the capital of the island)  
 “and after the formality of a trial before  
 “Spanish judges, she was condemned, upon  
 “the evidence of those very men who had  
 “betrayed her, to be publicly hanged.”

*Robertson's Hist. of America.*

(16) In the cool freshness of the tamarind's shade.

Although the tamarind tree is not known  
 to rise so high as some others in the West  
 Indies, yet its spreading branches afford a  
 pleasing retreat from the intense blaze of a  
 vertical sun. The author remembers when  
 on the island of Antigua in the year 1779,

to have "sat under its shadow with great  
"delight."

(17) Or that his voice of mimic song.

Mock-bird, or American mimic-thrush, which, as Buffon relates, is possessed not only of its own natural notes, which are musical and solemn, but it can assume the tone of every other animal in the wood.

(18) Where orchards lovelier than Hesperia's grew.

(18) Or thro' umbrageous arbors fearless stray

Some trees in this delightful climate continue to bud, blossom, and bear fruit all the year.—"Nor is it undeserving notice," says Mr. Edwards, "that the foliage of the most  
"part springing only from the summit of  
"the trunk, and thence expanding into  
"wide-spreading branches, closely but elegantly arranged, every grove is an assemblage of majestic columns, supporting  
"a verdant canopy, and excluding the  
"sun, without impeding the circulation of  
"the air. Thus the shade at all times

“ impervious to the blaze, and refreshed by  
 “ the diurnal breeze, affords, not merely a  
 “ refuge from occasional inconveniency, but  
 “ a most wholesome and delightful retreat  
 “ and habitation.”

(19) Where *cedars* ———

The trunk of the cedar measures from 80  
 to 90 feet from the base to the limbs.

(20) ——— and *palmetos* rise.

Palmeto-royal, or mountain cabbage-tree,  
 which one author affirms to have seen at the  
 first settlement of Barbadoes about 200 feet  
 in height; others state that it rises from 134  
 to 150 feet.—“ Neither the tall trees of Le-  
 “ banon,” says Mr. Hughes, “ nor any trees  
 “ of the forest, are equal to it in height,  
 “ beauty, or proportion; so that it claims  
 “ among vegetables that superiority which  
 “ Virgil gives to Rome among the cities of  
 “ Italy:—

“ *Verum hæc tantum alias inter caput extulit urbes,*  
 “ *Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.*”



In an old history of the Buccaneers of America, printed in the year 1684, is to be found the following very curious account of one species of the *palm-tree* of Hispaniola, translated from the Narrative of John Esquemeling, one of the Buccaneers—

“The *date-trees*, which here are seen to  
 “cover the whole extent of very spacious  
 “plains, are exceedingly tall in their proportion; which notwithstanding doth not  
 “offend, but rather delight the view. Their  
 “height is observed to be from 150 unto 200  
 “feet, being wholly destitute of branches  
 “unto the very tops. Here it is there grow-  
 “eth a certain pleasant white substance,  
 “not unlike unto that of white cabbage,  
 “from whence the branches and leaves do  
 “sprout, and in which also the seed or *dates*  
 “are contained. Every month one of those  
 “branches falleth to the ground, and at the  
 “same time another sprouteth out; but the  
 “seed ripeneth not but once in the year.  
 “The *dates* are food extremely coveted by  
 “the hedge-hogs. The white substance

“ growing at the top of the tree is used by  
 “ the Spaniards after the same manner for  
 “ common sustenance as cabbage in Europe,  
 “ they cutting it in slices, and boiling it in  
 “ their *ollas* with all sorts of meat. The  
 “ leaves of this sort of *date-tree* are seven or  
 “ eight foot in length, and three or four in  
 “ breadth; being very fit to cover houses  
 “ withal. For they defend from rain equally  
 “ with the best tiles, though ever so rudely  
 “ huddled together. They make use of  
 “ them also to wrap up smoaked flesh  
 “ withal; and to make a certain sort of  
 “ buckets wherewith to carry water; though  
 “ no longer durable than the space of six,  
 “ seven, or eight days. The cabbages of  
 “ these trees, for so we may call them, are  
 “ of a greenish colour on the outside, though  
 “ inwardly very white, from whence may be  
 “ separated a sort of rind, which is very like  
 “ unto parchment, being fit to write upon,  
 “ as we do upon paper. The bodies of  
 “ these trees are of an huge bulk or thick-  
 “ ness, which two men can hardly compass

“ with their arms; and yet they cannot pro-  
 “ perly be termed woody, but only three or  
 “ four inches deep in thickness; all the rest  
 “ of the internal part being very soft. Inso-  
 “ much, that paring off those three or four  
 “ inches of woody substance, the remaining  
 “ part of the body may be sliced like unto  
 “ new cheese. They wound them three or  
 “ four foot above the root, and making  
 “ an incision or broach in the body, from  
 “ thence gently distilleth a sort of liquor,  
 “ which in a short time, by fermentation,  
 “ becometh as strong as the richest wine,  
 “ and which doth easily inebriate, if not  
 “ used with moderation. The French call  
 “ this sort of palm-trees *frank-palms*; and  
 “ they only grow both here and elsewhere  
 “ in saltish grounds.”

(21) Or where the mightier *ceiba* grows.

The wild cotton tree, which alone simply  
 rendered concave, has been known to pro-  
 duce a boat capable of containing one hun-  
 dred persons.—The vast magnitude of this



tree has been confirmed to the author by the testimony of his brother-in-law, Mr. Reed, purser of his Majesty's ship *Ulysses*, lately returned from the West India station, who asserts that he saw one of these giants of the forest that had been felled a few months ago on the estate of a gentleman of Trinidad, whose trunk measured upwards of thirty-six feet in circumference.

(22) Thy *fire-fly* wonders of the night.

Mr. Bryan Edwards says that the fire-flies  
 “ consist of different species, some of which  
 “ emit a light, resembling a spark of fire,  
 “ from a globular prominence near each  
 “ eye; and others from their sides in the act  
 “ of respiration. They are far more lumi-  
 “ nous than the glow-worm, and fill the air  
 “ on all sides like so many living stars, to  
 “ the great astonishment and admiration of  
 “ a traveller unaccustomed to the country.”  
 —Mr. Edwards however seems to be of opi-  
 nion, that these flying luminaries are to be  
 met with only in the larger islands, yet the



author recollects, when he has been descending from the Morne Fortunè on the Island of St. Lucia, to the Bay where the British fleet then under the command of Admiral Byron lay at anchor, to have been much delighted with the appearance of multitudes of these sparkling beauties passing and re-passing before him in a thousand different directions.

(23) And murder's voice on *Hayti's* ravaged coast.

*Ayti* or *Hayti*, which signifies mountainous; the original name of Hispaniola; and lately re-adopted by its present sable defenders and conquerors.

(24) "Thou shalt be cursed with thy unrighteous gain."

In the year 1585 Sir Francis Drake made a descent on Hispaniola, and relates, that he believed not one individual of the original inhabitants to have been then living; and that the Spaniards had derived so little advantage from their cruelty, as to be *obliged to convert pieces of leather into*

money; and he adds—"All the silver, in  
 " the attainment of which from the bowels  
 " of the earth, so many thousands of poor  
 " wretches had perished, having long since  
 " found its way to Europe, and the inha-  
 " bitants had no means of getting a fresh  
 " supply."

(25) "And share with thee this paradise.

The French had the north-west part of the island yielded to them in 1697, by the treaty of Reswyck, although they had taken possession of it long before.

(26) "Blind foe to truth, and slave of bigotry!

The present degraded state of Spain bears testimony to the faithfulness of this prophecy.

(27) "Dragged forth to bondage—to return no more.

That most inhuman traffic in "the bodies  
 " and souls" of our fellow-creatures, which  
 has been carried on for so many centuries,  
 and by so many *Christian* nations, and

which is the curse and disgrace not only of this land of liberty in which we Britons have the happiness to live, but of this enlightened period of the world ; has been so much written and spoken of, and is so universally notorious, having undergone so much parliamentary discussion, as to render many further remarks in this place altogether unnecessary. It cannot however but be lamented by all the friends of mankind, that a recent attempt to procure the abolition of this abominable trade has for the present been frustrated in the House of Lords.

(28) To *Coyaba's* green paradise.

The native islanders supposed that the spirits of good men were conveyed to a pleasant valley, which they called *Coyaba* ; a place of indolent tranquillity, abounding with delicious fruits, cool shades, and murmuring rivalets ; in a country where drought never rages, and the hurricane is never felt. In this seat of bliss (the Elysium of

antiquity) they believed that their greatest enjoyment would arise from the company of their departed ancestors, and of those persons who were dear to them in life;—a proof at least of their filial piety, and of the warmth and tenderness of their affections and dispositions.

*B. Edwards's Hist. America, Vol. 1, p. 94.*

(29) "Thine armed brigands with ruthless hand.

This may be considered only as the retort courteous, the French having generally distinguished by this disgraceful epithet not only the brave blacks, but almost every people who were bold enough to resist their authority.

(30) "Me seized at midnight, and in chains.

The brave Toussaint, whose death no doubt had been previously determined on, had retired to a small estate, called by his own surname, Louverture, at Gonaives, near St. Marcs, on the south-west coast of St. Domingo, where, deceived by the promises of



the cruel and infamous Le Clerc, he no doubt hoped, for sometime at least, to have enjoyed in the bosom of his beloved family that peace and leisure to which he had for so many years been a stranger. Alas! vain were his hopes; and the happiness he sought but of short duration. At midnight his peaceable habitation was surrounded by French soldiers, who forced him, his wife, and surviving children on board a ship, and sent them all prisoners to Europe. Tous-saint, on his arrival in France, was most cruelly separated from his affectionate family, and conveyed to the remote castle of Joux, in the neighbourhood of Mount Jura, where he was deprived of the services and kind offices of his faithful negro servant, who was taken from him, and sent under a strong guard to a prison at Dijon. From the Castle of Joux, Toussaint was afterwards, at the approach of winter, removed to Besançon, where, it is said, he was placed in his last abode; a cold, damp, and gloomy dungeon; and where it may fairly be

presumed, an African of his age, accustomed to live in a warm climate, needed neither the empoisoned bowl, nor the apparatus that strangled Pichegru, by which to terminate his existence.

(31) "Hail thy approach from thrones of misery.

Although the author be of opinion that this kind of language might not be altogether unbecoming of the indignant spirit of the unfortunate Toussaint, yet he would by no means have it supposed that he wishes to countenance that indiscriminate abuse which has been wantonly bestowed on the ci-devant Chief Consul of France, by numberless writers of the present day; and which, although it may have a tendency to inflame the unholy passions of man, yet can never benefit a good cause, or sanctify a bad one. Buonaparte convinced all who were not proof against conviction, that his sole object was the attainment of uncontrouled power, and that he was the determined enemy of liberty and free government, when, like

another Cromwell, he drove from their sanctuary the representatives of the people.—It may not however be improper to bear in mind that he is the same kind of tyrant, and just as good a character *now*, as when the regular governments of Europe acknowledged his usurped authority, and made peace with him!

(32) "Art thou become like unto us?"

Isaiah, c. 14, v. 10.

(33) And on his pale horse oft to victory rode.

It was reported that Buonaparte made his first successful campaign in Italy mounted on a white charger.

(34) Soon backward driven by England's chosen band.

Buonaparte's furious and unsuccessful attack of Acre, and his being compelled to raise the siege of that place, and retreat back into Egypt, through the skill and exertions of the gallant Sir Sidney Smith, and his brave companions in arms, will ever

form a distinguished epocha in the history of modern warfare.

(35) The crimes revealed by truth's impartial tale.

It may be presumed that was it not for the barbarity of the Spaniards and Turks, and the cruelties of the French under the tyranny of those monsters, Charles IX. Lewis XIV. and the republican Robespierre, there would be scarcely to be found in the history of nations a parallel to those bloody tragedies that have been exhibited at Hispaniola since the commencement of the French Revolution, from the first revolt of the negroes to the recent massacre of the remainder of the white inhabitants by order of that ferocious black murderer General Dessalines.—If any Englishman should be surprized at my linking the Spaniards and Turks so closely together, his surprize may cease on investigating the conduct of the former in the New World, where they not only most inhumanly destroyed the peaceable Indians, but were equally cruel to every European who unfortunately



fell into their hands in the New World.—  
In the year 1630 they landed on the island of St. Christopher's; they selected 600 of the ablest men among the English settlers and condemned them to the mines, and ordered all the rest, consisting chiefly of women and children, to quit the island under pain of death.—Eight years after this they attacked a small English colony at Tortuga, and put every man, woman and child to the sword.—In 1650 they landed at Santa Cruz, which the English were then in possession of, and murdered every man, woman and child, as at Tortuga: and they treated the Dutch, who took possession of it some time afterwards, as they had treated the English.—About the year 1680 they landed at New Providence, one of the Bahama Islands, and totally destroyed the English settlement there: they carried Mr. Clark, the governor, away to Cuba, and there put him to death by torture.—It is true that Cromwell very justly chastized them for their insolence and barbarity in his time, but under the reign of

the Stuarts, and even in later reigns, it is much to be lamented that they have been permitted to outrage humanity with impunity. And it is not to be doubted were some of the mines of South America to be explored, that there would be found in them even at this time a great number of English, as well as other Europeans, dragging on a miserable existence, and doomed to perpetual slavery.

(36) Sank whelmed by thousands down the watery steep.

Among the various contrivances which the French lately had recourse to for the purpose of exterminating the blacks of Hispaniola, one was that of confining great numbers of them on board vessels which were scuttled at some distance from the shore, and sunk, together with their devoted cargoes—

“The ship their coffin and the sea their grave.”

(37) The white skin only designates his foes.

Although this may not be an unjust description of the long insulted and enslaved

African, who has been goaded to madness by ill treatment, and made furious by oppression, yet it is not the true character of the negro in his own country, if the accounts of travellers may be relied on, particularly those of Mungo Park, who when traversing the interior of Africa, to discover the true course of the Niger, met with much civility and humane treatment from the inoffensive negroes.

(38) Lift, son of Ham, thy wrath-red eye.

It has been the belief of some authors that Africa was peopled by the descendants of Ham, one of the sons of Noah; and it may not be unworthy of notice, that Egypt in some parts of Holy Writ is designated by the "land and tabernacles of Ham." See Psalms 78, v. 51; c. 105, v. 23 and 27.

(39) Routed like chaff before the winds of heaven.

It is a well known fact, that the wretched remains of that vast army which Buonaparte

sent for the conquest of St. Domingo, were obliged to submit unconditionally to their enemies, and to take shelter on board British ships of war, in order to escape the fury of the enraged sable warriors.

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LINES  
ON  
THE CRUCIFIXION.

OCCASIONED BY THE PERUSAL OF  
MR. CUMBERLAND'S DIVINE POEM OF CALVARY.



PLEASED have I wandered where the Muses  
stray,

Thro' Fancy's regions, borne on pinions gay.  
Fired with the theme of Pye's illustrious song,  
I've marked the tide of battle roll along,  
Where Alfred, champion of his country's right,  
Grasped victory's sword, and put the Danes to  
flight.

Drawn by the fame of Orleans' gallant maid,  
To foreign camps with Southey's muse I've  
strayed,

Where flushed with slaughter from his blood-  
stained car

Indignant frowned the furious God of War,  
And where beside him, dauntless in the fight,  
The virgin-warrior rode, unmatched in might;  
Armed in her sovereign's cause, her patriot  
breast

Felt all her country's wrongs, by foes oppress'd;  
She badé the battle's tempest pour amain,  
Th' invader smote, and strewed his route with  
slain.

I've mourned the tragic fate of loyal zeal,  
And glorious struggling for her country's weal;  
When, chained by tyrant power to monkish  
She fell unpitied in a barbarous age! [rage,  
Intranced with melody when Bowles has sung,  
I've caught the honied accents from his tongue.  
Lured by the magic of descriptive verse,  
Vast Nature's charms I've heard Delille re-  
hearse,

I've wooed the tuneful Nine that strung by turns  
 The harp of Macneill, and the lyre of Burns.  
 But what avails it, if the Muses' fire  
 Must like the meteor's transient flash expire?  
 Alas! what boots it, since the poet's doom  
 Is death's dark cavern, and th' oblivious tomb;  
 Since lasting praise not Fame's loud trump  
     can give,

And in the grave, nor bays nor laurels live?  
 I'll seek the path by Heaven's true pilgrims trod;  
 I'll wait with CUMBERLAND on Nature's God.  
 Smit with the SAVIOUR's love, and poet's art,  
 I'll dwell on themes shall fire the grateful heart,  
 When all the vain pursuits of man be o'er,  
 And mortal's minstrelsy may charm no more.  
 I'll search Gethsemane's lone walks to see  
 CHRIST's bloody sweat, and heart-rent agony;  
 I'll climb Golgotha's heights, and look all round  
 Its frowning summit, and its blood-stained  
     ground,

Where from his nail-pierced limbs, and wounded  
side

GOD's stricken LAMB poured out life's sacred  
tide;

List to the accents of his heavenly tongue,  
As on his features Death's pale image hung;  
Whilst Rome's rude ruffians mock, and Jews  
deride,

"FATHER, *forgive!*" the holy SUFFERER cried;  
Hear his last words expiring on the tree—

"*Ah! why, my God, my God! hast thou forsaken me?*"

If pure devotion ever warmed my breast,  
Or hallowed piety my mind impressed;  
If friendship lure me, or love's pleasant voice;  
If chaste religion be my bosom's choice;  
*Here* let me stop—where Calvary's mount  
displays

Heaven's sun faint setting with beclouded rays;



*Here* let me pause—where man's best friend  
 expir'd,

And where no more by Faith's bright vision  
 fir'd,

Smiting their pained breasts, HIS chosen few  
 Sad farewell took of HIM, and long adieu,  
 Whom Hope had pictured to the ardent mind  
 Israel's enthroned KING—REDEEMER of Man-  
 kind.

*Here* bid my heart's soft sympathies arise,  
 And pour the willing tribute from mine eyes,  
 For Pity calls—"If thou hast tears to spare,  
 "Kneel at the Cross of CHRIST, and shed  
 them there."

Come, then, my soul, pursue the bard's bold  
 flight,

Mark Calvary's scene, and wonder at the sight.  
 List to that groan of death! mine eyes behold  
 The tragedy, by seers inspired, foretold.

On Satan's brow see stern defiance lower  
 As all around him Hell's grim legions pour,  
 On ruin bent. See Death's black flag unfurl'd  
 Whilst Chaos shakes the pillars of the world;  
 Earth trembling leans on rending rocks in vain;  
 And ancient Night resumes his darksome reign.  
 But JESUS dies!—fair dawns the promised day;  
 Hell's dark battalions scowling slink away.  
 High Heaven is won, within whose portals wide  
 Justice disarmed now sits by Mercy's side;  
 Hope waves her symbol from the sun-gilt sky,  
 And holy Faith looks on with cloudless eye.  
 And thou, my Soul, to this high act of grace  
 Bid all the praise and pride of life give place;  
 Bid unsubstantial joys of earth depart;  
 Bid, from the altar of a contrite heart,  
 An incense more acceptable arise  
 Than e'er perfumed the pompous sacrifice,  
 Than ever flew, from golden censer borne,  
 On evening's silent wing, or fragrant breath  
 of morn.

View *here* the sign of life, and sin forgiven;  
*Here* fix thy faith, and build thy hopes of  
 Heaven;  
*Here* taste those joys that Volney's sceptic crew,  
 That Paine's unblessed disciples never knew;  
*Here* catch, my Muse, a spark of glory's fire,  
 And rouse to ecstasy the hallowed lyre;  
 March in the ranks where Christian banners  
 wave,  
 And hail thy SAVIOUR's victory o'er the grave.

And thou inchanter Bard, whose Muse divine  
 With holy rapture fired this heart of mine;  
 That smote my bosom with thy tale of woe,  
 And bade the tear of pious grief to flow  
 For HIM. Blessed theme of thine inspired lays,  
 Whose Angels strung thy harp to sound his  
 praise!  
 Well might thy cherub minstrelsy inspire  
 With living harmony some humbler lyre.

Thy dulcet strains yet vibrate on my ears,  
 And long will charm, and still command my  
 And when my desultory course is run, [tears.  
 And all my works of toil and care be done;  
 When life's uncertain lamp shall cease to burn,  
 And to that bourne, whence travellers ne'er  
 return

I go—lost friends, and children loved, to see,  
 Now part of Heaven's illustrious family!  
 When she, love's last dear pledge, death-smote  
 to day!\*

Borne from my house, to Paradise, away—  
 When she, for whom her mother's woe-rent  
 breast

Feels agony, by language not express'd,  
 Upon some mount of ever-green may stand,  
 Close by the haven of the holy land;

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\* These Lines were inserted in the Monthly Magazine for September 1802: on the day they were dated the Author lost his youngest child by death.



When me with gladness, and in accents mild,  
May thus bespeak my ever-smiling child—

“Soul of my earthly Father, come and share  
“Heaven’s bliss with me, and breathe this  
vital air,

“Here dwell in peace, where tempests never  
roar,

“Where life’s pure waters gently kiss the shore,

“And on their chrystal waves reflected show

“The fruits and flowers that on their mar-  
gin grow,

“With all the landscape views that smile above,

“The groves of Eden, and the bowers of Love.

“Well pleased I saw thee—Death’s rough pas-  
sage pass’d,

“To this delightful country come at last;

“Much pleased I saw thy vessel safely ride

“The placid breast of this unruffled tide;

“By seraph wings upborne I flew to thee—

“Soul of my Father! come and live with me!”

Then tempest-driven, to danger long inur'd,  
 My wave-tossed bark in Heaven's safe har-  
 bour moor'd,

Riding beside my child's, with canvas furl'd,  
 Sheltered from storms, and perils of the world,  
 Charmed with the prospect of the promised  
 land,

May I—Hope's mariner, ascend the strand,  
 And trace with untired eye delighted o'er  
 The heaven-depicted scenes on Canaan's  
 shore ;

Then sing in CUMBERLAND's immortal lays  
 The SAVIOUR's conflict, and hymn forth his  
 praise ;

Then in the like melodious verse recount  
 The trophies won on Calvary's holy mount ;  
 And bless the bard, who 'mid the world's vain  
 throng,

Could charm the pilgrim's ear with so divine  
 a song.

And when the world's famed actors quit the  
stage,

When man's tumultuous passions cease to rage;  
When evanescent charms of earth decay,  
And Folly leads mankind no more astray;  
When vain Philosophy, and Pride, and Power,  
No longer vaunt in Time's eventful hour—  
When HE, once crucified! Man's martyred  
friend!

Shall on the clouds of opened Heaven descend,  
Down from the lightning of whose flaming eye  
Night's shapeless phantoms shall for ever fly;  
Scared by whose coming, and appearance bright,  
Terror's pale king shall finally take flight,  
With every spectre-form that raised the fears  
Of timid travellers in life's vale of tears—

When Death's strong gates of adamant give  
way,

And thro' his dark domains shall beam the  
cheerful day,

Then shall the ransomed race of every name  
Hear the loud trump of everlasting fame,  
Filled by some holy Angel's mighty voice,  
Bid all the faithful friends of CHRIST rejoice,  
And call Heaven's host of countless saints  
to sing

The peerless grace of Zion's throned KING.  
And then shall Calvary's holy theme be sung  
In chorus grand, by every seraph tongue;  
And then shall every creature bow the knee,  
Great KING of KINGS, and LORD of LORDS—  
to THEE!

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A

## TRIBUTE OF RESPECT

TO THE MEMORY OF

THE LATE WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

---

SAY, sainted Bard! immortal Cowper, say,  
Dost thou to kindred spirits pour thy lay?  
In happier regions charms thy holy song  
The gladdened hearts of Heaven's immortal  
throng?  
Are those sad hours which thou, 'midst reason's  
night,  
Didst sorrowing charge with tardiness of flight,  
For ever fled?—On the proud scroll of fame,  
With bards of former times appears thy name?

Has Death's pale Angel grasped thy tuneful  
lyre;

Cooled thy heart's ardor, quenched thy sun-  
like fire?

Has the Great Power that sets the prisoner free  
Loosened the bands of thy captivity;  
The boon by thee invoked in mercy given,  
And passed thy "unbound spirit" back to  
Heaven?

He has—and thou, delightful Bard! afar,  
Borne, like Elijah in his fiery car,  
Thro' opening clouds hast winged thy eagle flight  
To peaceful climes, and mansions of delight!  
O could some mortal bard, yet left behind,  
Thy lyre re-string, thy cast-off mantle find;  
Or catch some spark that shot its brilliant ray  
From forth thy chariot bound thro' Heaven's  
high way;

O could some poet rise in wisdom bold,  
And half thy beauties to the world unfold;

Roving on Fancy's wing, thy fire impart,  
 And feel thy genius beaming on his heart!  
 I'd humbly wish, though vain the wish would be,  
 That some small portion might alight on me.

Yet though, enchanting Bard! of thee bereft,  
 Thy Muse still lives—her power to please is left;  
 And long as mortal minstrelsy may charm,  
 And sacred poesy the breast can warm;  
 Long as her lasting sceptre Memory sways  
 O'er Time's lapsed reign, and works of former  
 Recalling visions to the raptured mind [days,  
 That fancy raised, or genius left behind,  
 Rekindling holy ardors in the breast  
 Of shrouded bards, and poets now at rest;  
 So long, enchanting Minstrel! shall thy lays  
 Delight the world, and merit all its praise

Pilgrim forlorn! oft scared by giant Fear,  
 'Tis thine no more life's darkling course to steer;

To hymn the moon's pale light—to watch  
and pray

In loneliest walks thy cheerless hours away,  
To walk, and weep, and, all the dark night long,  
Like Philomel, pour forth thy plaintive song:  
Ne'er shalt thou, son of sorrow, weep again,  
Or to thy mother's semblance more complain;  
Lamenting thus, by frenzied grief depress'd—  
“Always from port withheld, always distress'd,  
Me howling winds drive devious, tempest-toss'd,  
Sails ript, seams opening wide, and compass lost;  
And day by day some current's thwarting force  
Sets me more distant from a prosperous  
course.”\*

Now thou hast bid begone thy cares and fears,  
And Love's soft hand has wiped away thy tears;  
Now, toil-worn mariner, thy vessel rides  
Buoyant and safe on Heaven's translucent tides;

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\* See Mr. Cowper's beautiful Lines on viewing his Mother's Picture.



Thy anchors bite secure the golden sand,  
 Whilst angel-spirits wait on Canaan's land  
 To bid thee welcome to the peaceful shore,  
 Where adverse winds shall thwart thy course  
 no more:

Maternal fondness speaking in her eye,  
 With joys full heart that long had ceased to  
 sigh,

Thy Mother views thy life's last labours done,  
 And in love's pleasant voice bespeaks her son—  
 "Soul of my faithful William, come and prove  
 Thy Mother's kindness, and unaltered love;  
 Lo! now accomplished thy fond heart's desires,  
 Thy skiff safe anchored near thy laid-up sire's;  
 Where lies my sheltered bark, whose sails  
 much rent

By stormy winds, were long ago unbent.  
 Gladly I greet thee on this happy shore,  
 Where friends and kindred meet—to part no  
 more.

Here bid thy heaven-taught muse, my son,  
impart

Inchanting rhapsody to every heart;  
Here, while celestial joys thy bosom fire,  
To love and gratitude attune thy lyre;  
Then highest Seraphim will list to thee,  
Charmed with thy notes of holy melody!"

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## IN MEMORY

OF A LATE

CELEBRATED FEMALE WRITER.



WHERE Laura's shrouded relics lie  
May soft-winged breezes passing by  
O'er death's lone mansions fling around perfume;  
And there may Genius bend his head  
Respectful o'er her narrow bed;  
And there may wild-flowers smile in constant  
bloom.

For such her energies of mind,  
That few most famed of woman-kind  
In power of intellect with her might vie;

For her's was Nature's sterling ore,  
 And Fancy's fascinating lore,  
 And boundless thought that proudly soared on  
 high.

But though her talents I admire,  
 And though her peerless genius fire  
 My soul with rapture, and command respect;  
 Whene'er I read her history o'er,  
 I mourn some frailties, and deplore  
 Unlicenced love, and Selim's cold neglect.

What boots it that her genius fir'd,  
 Or that Philosophy acquir'd  
 For her celebrity, and great renown;  
 She climbed up wisdom's towering steep  
 But just to look around, and weep,  
 And hug despair, and wear misfortune's frown.



What boots it that her friendly voice  
Bade other stricken hearts rejoice;  
Her grief-smote breast would heave the frequent sigh;  
Alas! she never balsam found  
To heal her own heart's bleeding wound—  
Vainly for her beamed Hope's celestial eye.

Since then nor skill, nor genius, give  
Their famed inheritor to live  
Screened from the pelting storms of scowling  
fate;  
Ah! wiser they—more prudent far,  
Who prize 'midst life's uncertain war,  
Faith's holy visions of a happier state.

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ON  
THE MARRIAGE  
OF  
A STATUARY OF BATH.

---

HAPPY the man, who far from female strife,  
Can *carve* a child, or *chissel* out a wife;  
Stranger to broils, and matrimonial cares,  
Uneasiness for him no scold prepares;  
No jealous fair complains of slighted charms,  
Nor threatens striking vengeance with her arms.  
Peace undisturbed at home 'tis his to find—  
No curtain lectures discompose his mind;  
No strains censorious vibrate on his ears  
Like sound of broken bells, or clashing spears;  
He comes, he goes, just when and where he  
please,  
No frowns insult him, and no tongue can teaze;

He of variety may take his fill,  
 And make a wife, to smile or frown at will;  
 Sole monarch of his house—he reigns alone,  
 And leaves his silent spouse to fret in stone.

Still happier he, who, to the Sculptor's art  
 Has joined the lovely idol of his heart;  
 From things inanimate has turned his eyes,  
 And won, in Virtue's warfare, Beauty's prize;  
 Who, not content with *one* of Parian stone,  
 Can boast a partner of his *flesh and bone*.

More blessed the man, whose love-directed  
 choice,  
 Sanctioned by prudence, and by reason's voice,  
 Possesses charms no Sculptor e'er could give,  
 Though fire Promethean bade his image live.

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## MY FATHER.



NOW thirty times the grove hath shed  
Autumn's thick ruins round my head  
Since thou wert numbered with the dead,  
My Father!

As oft from frozen climes afar  
Has winter launched his ice-built car  
Since I beheld thy setting star,  
My Father!

As oft new flowers have breathed perfume,  
And smiled in spring's returning bloom,  
Since I first sorrowed at thy tomb,  
My Father!



As many times the summer sun  
 His annual course through Heaven has run,  
 Since all thy work on earth was done,

My Father!

Again will winter yield to spring,  
 And summer birds their carols sing,  
 And autumn his ripe treasures bring,

My Father!

Again the flood-wave loud will roar,  
 And winter come with aspect hoar,  
 But thou'lt return to me no more,

My Father!

I look far back—I count the years  
 Since thou demandedst first my tears,  
 And still thy kindness fresh appears,

My Father!

When I was wont to climb thy knee,  
 And con with pride my a, b, c,  
 Thy voice was music unto me,

My Father!

I recollect those accents mild  
 That blessed, and charmed thy much-loved  
 child,

Whilst I upon thee looked, and smiled,

My Father!

Oft hast thou told thy list'ning boy  
 How thou did'st see at *Fontenoy*\*  
 His thousands ruthless war destroy,

My Father!

---

\* The Battle of Fontenoy was fought April 30, 1748; in which the allies lost about twelve thousand men, and the French nearly an equal number of lives.

And how rolled down the rapid *Mayne*  
 Red with the blood of warriors slain  
 Near *Dettingen's*† embattled plain,  
 My Father!

And thou would'st tell me who were there—  
 The brave King *GEORGE*, and General *STAIR*,  
 Who did with thee the danger share,  
 My Father!

“God bless his Majesty!—that day  
 “We fought together,”—thou would'st say,  
 “And made the vaunting French give way.”  
 My Father!

---

† The Battle of Dettingen was fought January 26, 1743; when the French, who held a formidable position before the action commenced, were compelled to repass the river *Mayne* with precipitation, and lost about 5000 men, whilst the loss of the allies amounted to about 2000.—In this battle King *George II.* exposed his person to a severe fire of cannon, as well as musquetry. He rode between the first and second lines with his sword drawn, and bravely encouraged the troops to fight for the honor of *England*.

Though thou in camps wert wont to be,  
 Thou had'st a tear for misery;  
 Pity's meek angel dwelt with thee,

My Father!

Kind watchman o'er my infant days!  
 To thee I dedicate my lays:  
 Accept this humble gift of praise,

My Father!

Though now to me thou listen not,  
 Thy smiles of yore won't be forgot  
 'Till death and silence be my lot,

My Father!

I'll think of youthful pleasures past,  
 On Time's swift wing that fled so fast,  
 Ere morn's bright sky was overcast,

My Father!



Ah! soon was left thine orphan child  
To ride o'er stormy oceans wild,  
Oft by delusive hope beguiled,

My Father!

For that true pilot-star, whose light  
On youth's green pathway shone so bright,  
With thee soon vanish'd from my sight,

My Father!

Yet, though it never may appear  
To bless thy pilgrim offspring here,  
It shines far off in Heaven more clear,

My Father!

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FRAGMENT  
OF  
*A MONODY ON THE DEATH*  
OF THE LATE  
REV. HENRY HUNTER, D. D.

---

\* \* \* \* \*

HOW short is human life! ah never more  
God's holy Book shall *Hunter's* ken explore;  
Nor from the heart's devoted altar raise  
The incense breath of prayer, or grateful praise;  
Ne'er shall he more to loved associates prove  
The force of friendship, or the power of love;  
Ah! never more in social converse charm  
Congenial souls, or kindred bosoms warm;  
Ne'er shall he more, a faint and lonely guest,  
In noisy taverns seek a place of rest;

Nor far from home recline his weary head,  
 Where stranger hands prepared his dying bed.\*  
 In death's still mansions now the Preacher lies,  
 Thus pass away the virtuous and the wise;  
 Thus all the fond pursuits of man must cease  
 In the grave's silence, and oblivious peace.  
 When Nature faints, yet Heaven's upholding  
     rod,  
 Hope's stedfast anchor, and the staff of God,  
 Support life's pilgrim at his journey's end;  
 And though remote from every mortal friend,  
 Prop the sick soul, when to the weak nerved eye  
 Rise the pale ghosts, and spectres hover nigh;  
 When ideal phantoms pass before the sight,  
 And wing through death's dark vale their silent  
     flight.

---

\* Alluding to Dr. Hunter's situation at Bath, when he occupied the bed-room of a tavern at that place a few days previous to his death—where the feeble state in which he then was required much assistance, and powerfully pleaded for such like kind attentions which the Editor of his Posthumous Works informs us the Doctor himself once paid, when he watched with anxious solicitude the sick bed of a dying parent.

Though down the gulph of time for ever  
 hurl'd,  
 Sink all the sunshine prospects of the world;  
 The heaven-taught mind, though genius fire  
 no more,  
 Nor fancy deck it with her magic lore;  
 Though health be gone—and from the gloomy  
 grave,  
 Not the physician's skill, nor friends can save;  
 Though Faith and Hope may lose awhile the  
 power;  
 To cheer the gloom of death's approaching  
 hour;  
 And though may reign the trembling despot  
 Fear,  
 When life's frail bark o'er unknown seas must  
 steer;  
 Soon shall the passage, and its storms be pass'd,  
 And the safe port of Heaven be gained at  
 last!



Though flesh and heart may fail—yet God  
will give

The heart fresh strength, and bid the spirit live;  
On active pinions soars th' immortal mind,  
Th' unfettered soul not mortal chains can bind;  
Rising on seraph wings she speeds away  
To happier regions—to eternal day;  
Unites with kindred souls, to whom 'twas given  
To join before th' inraptured host of Heaven;  
Yet may she look with soft compassion's eye  
On friends still mortal left behind to sigh;  
Yet may she contemplate this world's wide  
waste,  
And every step of toilsome danger past,  
Fearless life's desultory course review,  
And praise the hand unseen that led her  
through.

The sailor thus, his long sea-travels o'er,  
Delighted lands upon his native shore,

H. *Marshall*

Rejoins loved friends, and meets the sure reward  
Of duty's toils from constant love's regard;  
And whilst his mind revolves on hardships past,  
Fears not the distant storm, or whirlwind's blast;  
Yet true to friendship, oft with pity's eye  
Marks the wild ocean, and the lowering sky,  
Bethinks what perils may beset the brave  
Who ride far off upon the stormy wave.

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## MY COUNTRY.

ITS FORMER AND PRESENT STATE CONTRASTED.

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THERE's not a country of the peopled earth  
I like so well as that which gave me birth.  
To me there's music in my country's name;  
I love to read the history of her fame.  
Tuneful to me is the loud surge that roars,  
And breaks with foam and fury on her shores.  
I prize the warlike ships that guard her coast,  
Her gallant tars have been my constant boast;  
But most I venerate that God of might  
Who raised her up invincible in fight, [lower,  
Who fixed those barrier rocks that threatening  
And mock the rage of every hostile power;  
That frowning o'er the waters, seem to say,  
"Rash men be gone! ye shall not pass this way;

“Renowned armadas! near ye not the shore,  
 “Dare strike on us, and ye return no more!”

Time was, my country, when thou could'st  
 not boast

One foot of land beyond thy own sea's coast;  
 When stranger hordes encroached upon thy  
 lands,

And empire trembled in thy feeble hands.  
 Thy history tells me how in days of yore  
 Rome's mighty eagle frowned upon thy shore;  
 How fierce barbarians from th'inclement north,  
 Eager for blood and rapine, sallied forth;  
 Prowled o'er thy plains, profaned thy Druid's  
 grove,

And thence the sons of mystic science drove.  
 Then fled the muse, with Harmony's sweet child,  
 To Cambria's mountains, and green forests wild,  
 Where ancient bards were wont the lyre to  
 And fling enchanting rhapsody around; [sound,



Where still the bard of more enlightened times  
 Tunes his melodious harp, and chaunts his  
 lofty rhimes.

Time was, my country, when not Ophir's mine  
 Could tempt thy sons to cross the burning  
 line;

Time was, the Indian had not heard thy name,  
 When Lusian mariners eclipsed thy fame;  
 When haughty Pontiffs to Iberia gave  
 All countries washed by ocean's western wave;  
 When the Batavian, of his Van Tromps vain,  
 Hoisting his saucy besom, swept the main.  
 Yet had'st thou marshalled oft thy warrior  
 bands,

And proved thy prowess great in foreign lands,  
 Poured forth thy phalanxes of heroes bold,  
 Whose far-famed deeds old chronicles have told.  
 Thy banners waving high brave Richard bore,  
 And beat the Saracen on Canaan's shore;

Thy Edwards, and thy Henrys, dear to fame,  
 Made mighty nations tremble at thy name;  
 Gallia had mourned on Cressy's fatal plain  
 Her legions vanquished, and her warriors slain;  
 Poitiers had seen, and Agincourt confess'd  
 That victory loved to smile upon thy high-  
     plumed crest.

Then Raleigh rose, and Drake, and Anson brave,  
 And spread thy fame all o'er the wide-sea wave;  
 And now thy flag, to all the winds unfurled,  
 Floats in proud triumph o'er the watery world;  
 Thy sailors now, a bold unconquered host,  
 Can a proud list of countless victories boast;  
 Fearless they ride, for daring deeds renowned,  
 Caribbean seas, or visit Nootka Sound,  
 For trade's rich mart, or fame's proud trophies  
     rove

From Norway's storm-beat naze to Sidney Cove;  
 Tempt every wave of ocean's breast that rolls  
 'Twixt burning Cancer, and the ice-bound poles;

Dare the big tempest fury-winged that sweeps  
 Selkirk's\* lone isle, or hyperborean deeps.  
 Brave loud Tornadoes that impetuous roar  
 Around thy Trinidad's conquered shore;  
 Or court the fragrant gales that softly blow  
 From where thy spicy groves at Ceylon grow.

Thy name, Britannia, and thy might is known  
 In every clime, in every peopled zone!  
 Where'er thy banners fly, or ships can sail,  
 Thy arts, my country, and thy arms prevail.

---


\* The Island of Juan Fernandez, in the South Sea, where  
 Alexander Selkirk led a solitary life upwards of four years.

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THE JUVENILE  
VOLUNTEER'S ADDRESS

TO HIS COUNTRY,  
ON THE THREATENED INVASION\*.



HAIL, my loved Country! thou art queen of  
isles,

Thy frown is war, and peace awaits thy smiles!

Mistress of waters hail! for thou art more

Than ever dignified the page of yore,

Than ancient bards e'er sung of Tyre's proud  
name,

Or Carthaginian skill, or Roman fame;

Thy flag imperial by thy ships unfurl'd,

Claims and commands the homage of the world.

---

\* Written for Public Recitation at an Academy in the neighbourhood of Bath, and spoken by one of the Juvenile Volunteers belonging to that Seminary.



Firm seated on thy sea-surrounded throne,  
 Thine are the treasures of each distant zone;  
 Thy venturous barks their various courses shape  
 Where vaunts the spirit of the stormy Cape;\*  
 Where ever-charming nature cheerful smiles  
 In gay luxuriance at the southern isles;  
 Or where on Neptune's dreary bounds afar  
 Rude savage tribes provoke inglorious war;  
 Where farther progress thick-ribbed ice deny,  
 Or latent rocks in lurking ambush lie;  
 Or where Lot's Wife† o'er ocean's wild do-  
     main,  
 Fixed in those solitudes where tempests reign,

\* The Cape of Good Hope, first denominated by Mariners the Cape of Tempests. See the beautiful fiction of the apparition of the Cape, in the 5th Book of the *Lusiad* of Camoens.

† A remarkable rock of prodigious magnitude and height discovered by Captain Meares on his passage from Prince William's Sound to the Sandwich Islands, to which the sailors, who are never at a loss for an odd name, gave the appellation of Lot's Wife.

Lifts her bare summit towering to the sky,  
 Whilst from her base defeated billows fly,  
 Defies invasion from her rocky steep,  
 And braves the fury of the raging deep.

Hail, then my Country! thou art queen of  
 isles,  
 Thy frown is war, and peace awaits thy  
 smiles!  
 Far as thy naval thunder pealing sounds,  
 Thro' every clime thy peerless fame resounds.  
 Vain then the tales that recreant fear may  
 spread  
 Of hostile bands by Gaul's fierce chieftains led,  
 Venturing to scale thy rocks, or tread thy  
 shores,  
 For hark! the thunder of thy navy roars!  
 Strong beats the pulse for war—loud sounds  
 the drum,  
 Thy gallant sons defy the foe to come;

But let him come—Ladies dismiss your fears,  
Behold in arms your youthful Volunteers!  
They'll still be ready, should the foe come  
o'er,  
To drive his legions from Britannia's shore.  
And though awhile retired from war's alarms,  
They seek refreshment in parental arms;  
Though from embattled ranks, and soldier's  
toils,  
They shrink awhile to feast on Christmas  
spoils;  
Though with delicious puddings, cakes and ale,  
Their friends awhile their appetites regale;  
Soon at their country's call refreshed they'll  
come,  
March to the music of the fife and drum,  
Their colours guard—like British boys be  
true,  
And fight, fair Ladies—for their King and  
you!

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And thou, my Country, shalt unrivalled  
reign,  
In spite of vaunting France, or haughty Spain.  
We'll march—we'll fight—our watchword still  
shall be,  
List Frenchmen, list!—'tis *Death or Victory!*

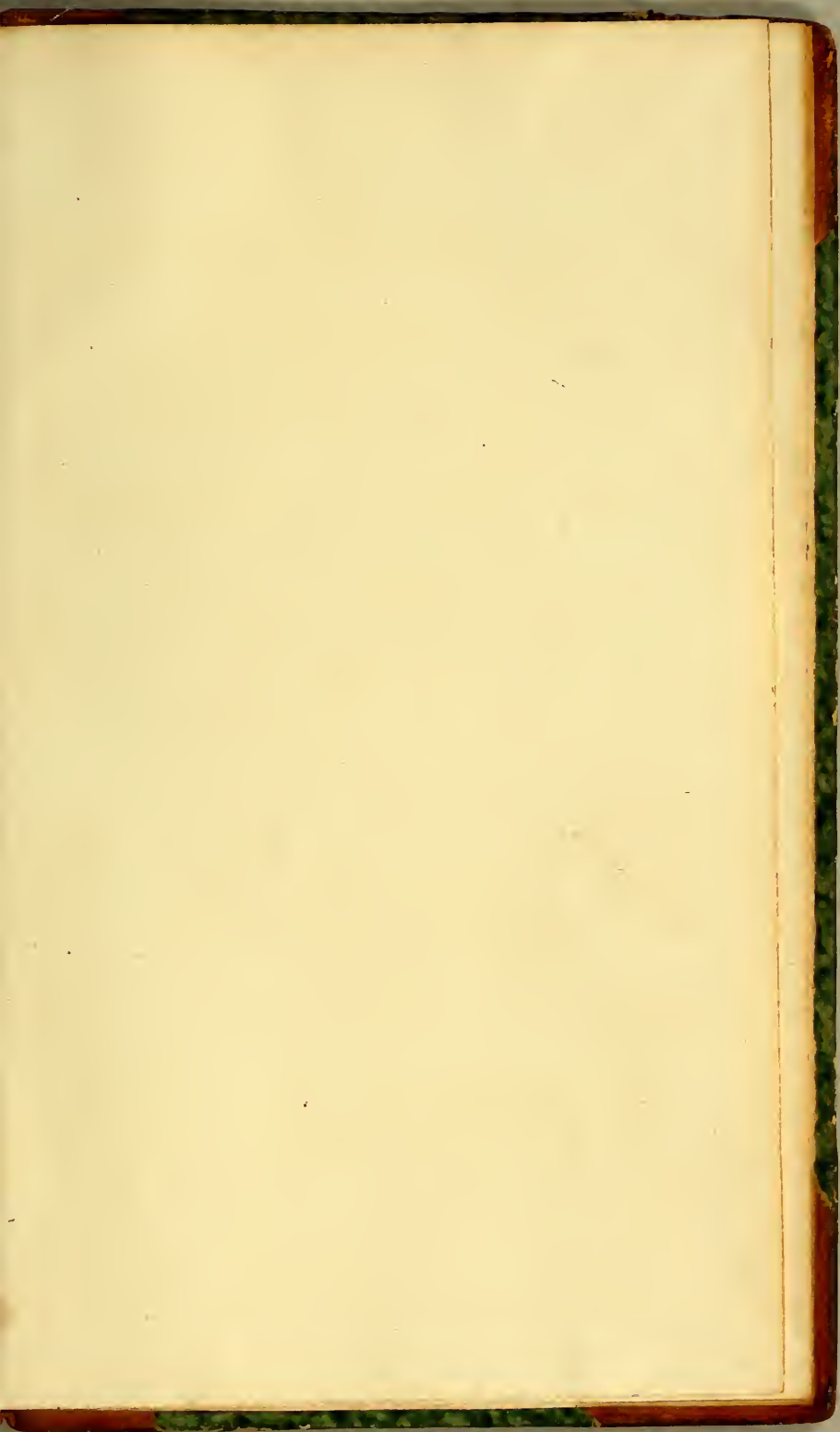
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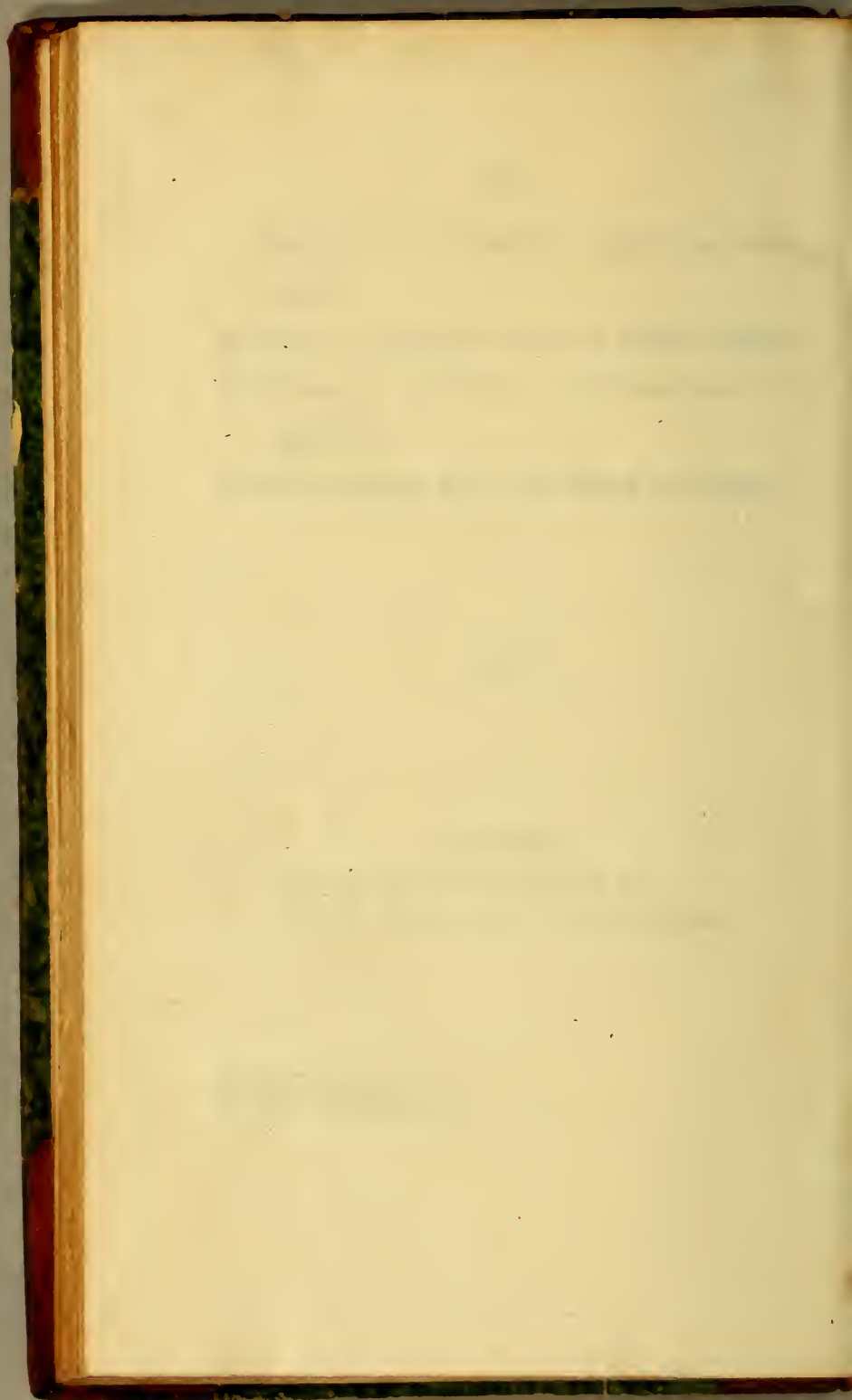
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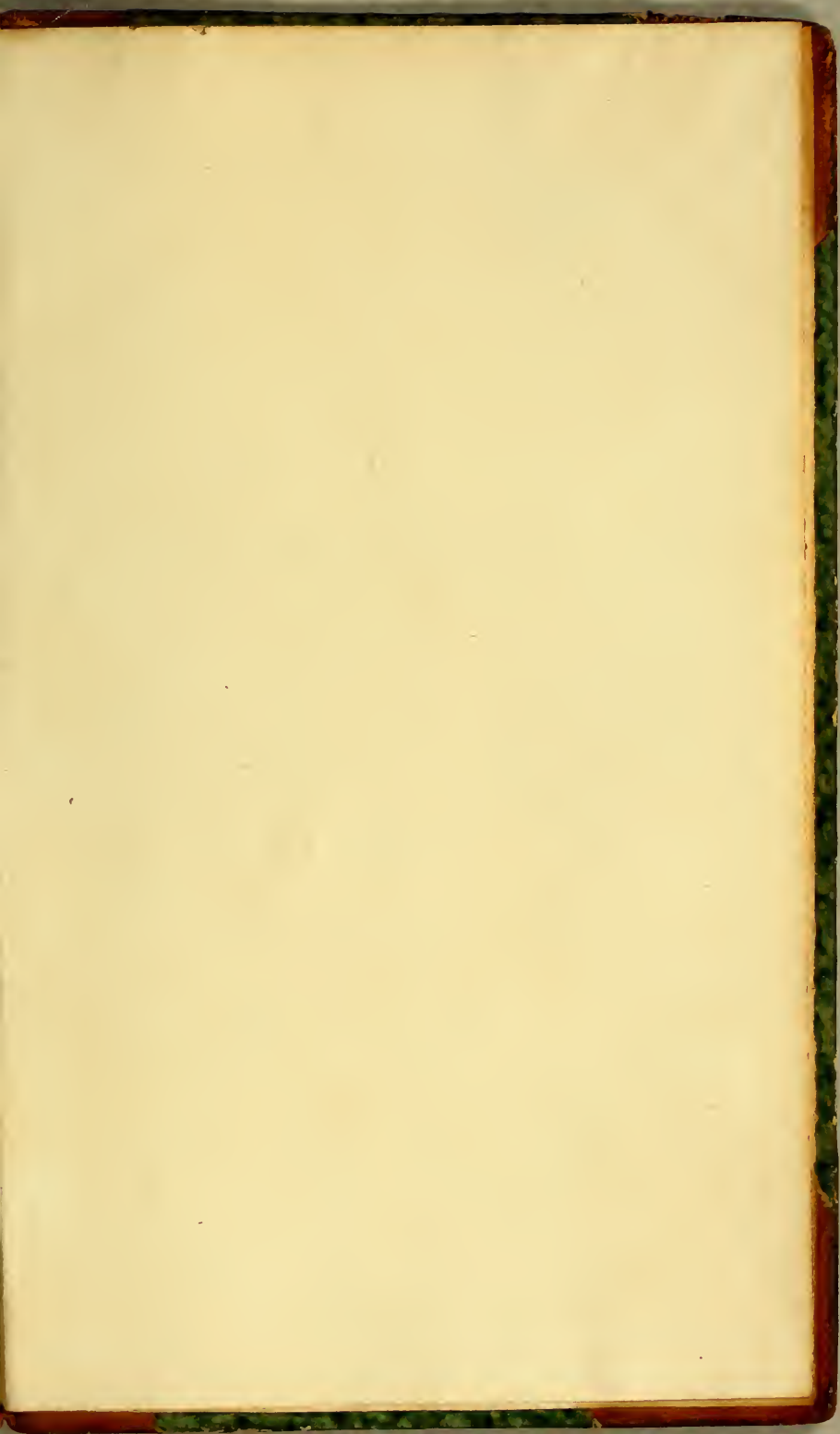
- Page 43, line 2, for "right," read *rite*.
- Page 65, line 1, leave out "*in the New World.*"

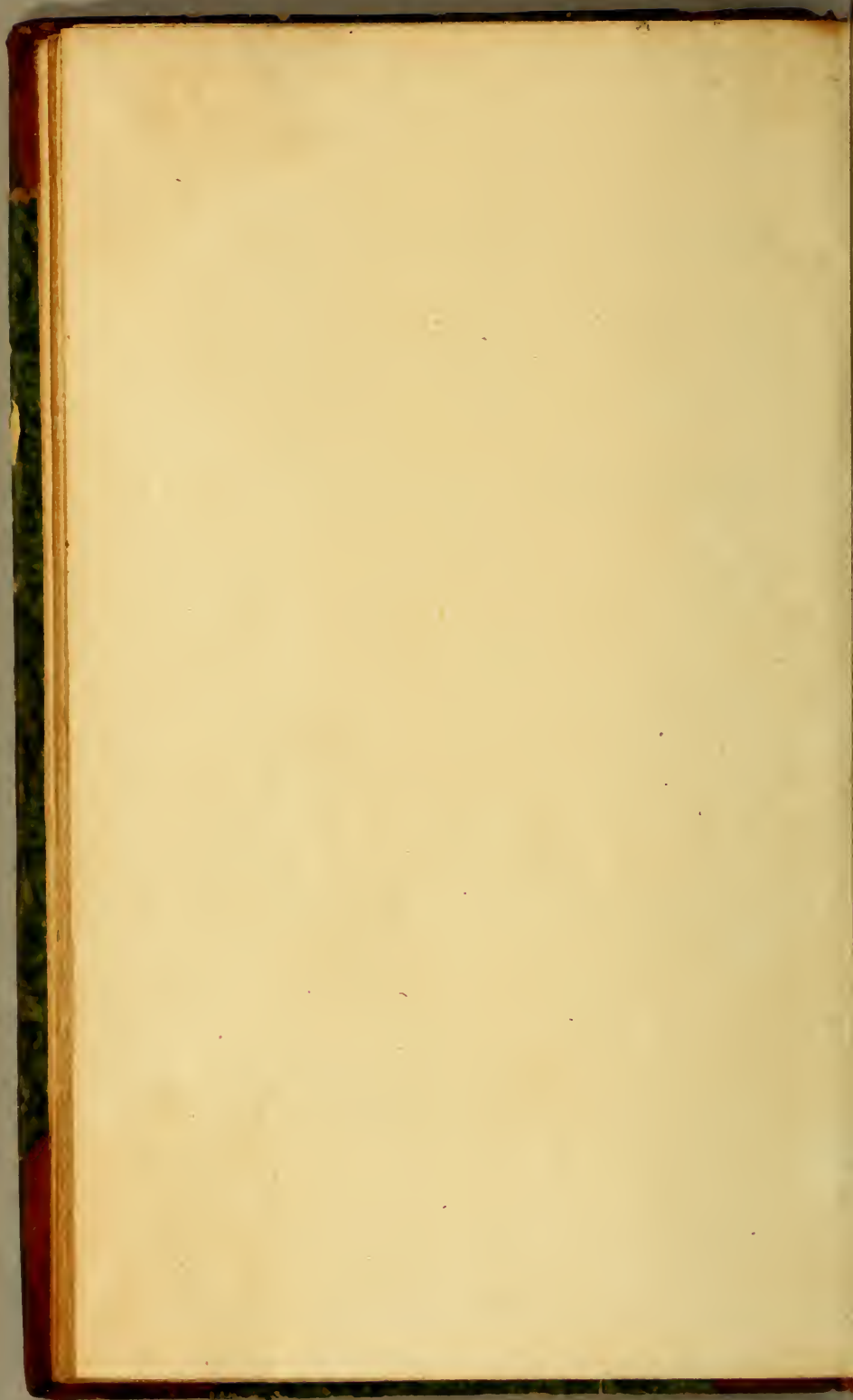
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